

The Sentinel.

THURSDAY, MARCH 5.

OFFICE: 71 and 73 West Market Street.

The G. O. P. is gone. Consent.

Read the inaugural. It is a gem.

Does it "look like Cleveland" over at the Journal office this morning?

Sectionalism will sleep for four years very quietly, and we hope forever.

An old man was present at the inauguration yesterday who saw the Capitol burned by the British in 1814.

The Illinois Legislature resumed balloting for United States Senator yesterday. Speaker Haines desired Mr. Morrison.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND took the usual oath yesterday upon the Bible that his mother, now deceased, gave him when he was a boy.

The old Democratic ship is under way. Flying the stars and stripes at the masthead. Let us hope for a bon voyage and many of them.

The Grant bill passed both Houses of Congress yesterday and was signed by the President. What will the Blaine organs do now for something to howl about? The cradle is empty. Othello's occupation is out of a job.

THERE is no remarkable record of things done in the case of Mr. Endicot, but it must be admitted that several of his ancestors were very respectable people, and that he has some money that could not properly be described as bootleg-Congressional Gazette.

Can you say as much for many prominent Republicans who have held place and power during the last two decades?

ANOTHER "Ohio idea" has had a partial evolution. In Coshocton a man was married the other evening, and some of his friends, after serenading him, fired pistols into the bridal chamber. He died—literally scared to death. The great American "idea" of hanging by the neck until dead might put a stop to such hoodlum practices if given a fair trial.

SOME of the Republican papers are congratulating their readers over the incident that their party gave up the reins of Government without a whimper—that they might have raised a row, but didn't—this for patriotism. If they had done this in 1876 one very black page in American history would not stand recorded to day against them. By the way, where was Hayes yesterday?

An organ impudently remarks that "there is a disposition to give the Democrats a chance." This, too, when the party has elected its President and he has been inaugurated. Perhaps if there was a disposition not to give the party a chance something dreadful would occur. You Democrats are a hard lot. We Republicans ought by right to be good boys and run things to suit us we will not raise any rows. Brazen impudence is a phase of Republicanism.

Resolution No. 1. The land belongs to the saints.

Resolution No. 2. We Republicans are the saints.

Only you didn't get the land this time.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND'S INAUGURAL.

With the better opportunity Grover Cleveland has afforded the country a clearer insight into his head and heart than it has heretofore had. The inaugural address accepted as an earnest of the political ethics which are to inspire the administration of the incoming Executive, President Cleveland's utterances need no side notes nor commentary. They are directly stated in unmistakable English. Even the more restrictive characterization of the rustic, referring to a speaker he was listening to, is applicable: Mr. Cleveland "talks United States."

Without rhetorical flourish, the address has literary grace; without the least pedantry, it is scholarly. With no affectation of research, it shakes the dust from and spreads out principles and truths underlying the foundation of our Government, but too often lost sight of in the later years of the Republic. It is a compact recital of the tenets the observance of which has intruded to the glory of the Nation, and an expression of determination that the new administration shall in letter and spirit conform to them.

It is not possible for words to be woven into sentences or sentences into paragraphs more replete with patriotism. The cardinal thought running through the document is the People. The People constitute the Government—public officers, including the Chief Magistrate himself, are but servants. Avarice and extravagance in official station are condemned as setting hurtful example to the citizenry. In the lines, and between the lines, there is appeal to the People to assert their sovereign authority and hold their official employes to a proper recognition and account of their trusts.

But the address is not limited to generalities as to principles or policies. It is practical. It lays its fingers on partisan heat and sectional hate, on office peculation or extravagance, on the "aggressive" foreign policy, on needless protection and taxation, on the purloining of public lands, on importation of pauper labor. It favors civil service reform and the full rights of freedmen.

President Cleveland's inaugural is a broad-gauge address, admirable in intelligence and National of spirit. His friends have cause for congratulation; his enemies will find it difficult of criticism.

The city of Anderson, Ind., yesterday was profusely decorated and guns were fired in honor of the change of administration.

THE DEMOCRACY.

Concluded from First Page.

York, drawing their hand engine; the District Fire Department and a Baltimore fire company. The other civic organizations in the line were the Knickerbocker Engineers of Newark; First New Jersey Democratic Battalion, of Camden, N. J.; East Connecticut Club, of Norwich; R. S. Pattison Association, of Philadelphia; Hancock Veteran Association, of York; the Democratic Battalion of Philadelphia; the Third Ward Continental Club, of Philadelphia; Jackson Club, of Philadelphia; Cleveland Club, of Philadelphia; First Ward German Democratic Club, of Philadelphia; American Club, of Reading; Tancy Club, of Baltimore; Democratic Central Association, of Baltimore; Democratic Inaugural Club, of Portland, Me.; First Cleveland Flag Escort, of Moberly, Mo.; Davis Democratic Club, of Piedmont, W. Va.; and the National Veteran Democratic Club, of Chicago.

The civic organizations made a very fine display, and were highly complimented by the Presidential party. The members of most of these organizations saluted the President by raising their hats and carried and cheered by lines.

The fire rosters, which were carried by the Tammany Club and the County Democracy, of New York, were made conspicuous as they passed the stand and caused much amusement. Taken all in all, as a combined military and civic display, the procession was undoubtedly the largest and finest ever seen in Washington. The number of men who marched past the Presidential stand is estimated at 25,000.

PIROTECHNIC DISPLAY.

Thousands of Rockets, Balloons, Fountain, Bombs, Batteries, Etc., Sent Heavenward—The Flambeau Club of Kansas.

WASHINGTON, March 4.—The public celebration of the day ended with a display of fireworks. In character it was like all displays of fireworks, but in volume and variety it is said to have excelled any former pyrotechnical exhibition upon this continent. Withal it was successful to the minutest detail. The scene of the exhibition was the White lot, a narrow 200 or 300 acres sloping gently away from the south front of the Treasury, Executive Mansion and State Departments. Unaccounted crowds began early to find their way toward the spot from every quarter of the city. For an hour or more they waited, commenting meanwhile upon the singular appearance of the monument a hundred rods beyond the fireworks enclosure. The lower third of the shaft was not visible, but all above dimly outlined like a giant against the black sky, and reflecting in its peak the rays of the electric lights in the city from half a mile away. It seemed enormously higher than by daylight, and to have not the slightest relation to terrestrial things.

When the preparations were complete, and the display had once begun, the people in charge had the good taste to leave no intermission. Jack o'-lanterns danced from place to place about the enclosure, and whenever one panned an explosion followed. Rockets, balloons, fountains, bombs, batteries and shells were sent heavenward in volleys for half an hour, filling the air with showers of fire. Explosions sometimes half a mile above the earth, took place, and constellations numbering thousands of brilliantly tinted stars danced swar over the Potomac, borne by the gentle northern breeze. Three "wet pieces" of mammoth proportions were among the last and grandest features of the entertainment. The first was "Jerkson." There was a first and a splinter, audible a mile away, as a jack-o'-lantern touched his torch to the piece, and then a mammoth face in points of white fire, encircled by an oval frame in red and blue, burners in national colors, and a hooded gracefully about it, burst out of the darkness. It glowed for a minute in full brilliancy, then an eye went out with an explosion followed by a portion of the nose, and last of all the blue stars of the banner of the Federal Republic, and the piece was quiet in the heavens, terminated the display.

No estimate of the numbers who witnessed the fireworks would be trustworthy. One felt but could not see the throngs. The air was filled with a murmur of voices when gathered in a park, open upon all sides, would seem to be a simple affair and easily enough of accomplishment, but the experience of the evening proved contrary. Carriages became entangled with each other, pedestrians endeavored to get on in bewilderment trying to find their way around, through or out of the crushes which occurred in a hundred places. No one was hurt, so far as known, but many ludicrous incidents occurred. Family parties became separated, wives and husbands lost each other, and parents found themselves leading children not their own. The calls of one to another in the darkness sometimes indicated distress or fear, but the people were for the most part exceedingly jolly and laughed at themselves and each other as if it were all part of the programme. Immediately after the regular display of fireworks to-night occurred the parade of the Flambeau Club, of Topeka, Kas. Although this organization is a comparatively small one, numbering only seventy-five or one hundred men, it has perhaps attracted as much attention as any civic or military body which has participated in the inauguration ceremonies. Its white, ghostly uniform, its precision of drill and its peculiar showy torches, whose flames can be blown up into slender, quivering flames of six feet in height, were all new features in Washington, and were all subjects of remark when the club made its appearance on Pennsylvania avenue last evening.

At eight o'clock, just as the immense crowd was returning from the exhibition of fireworks at the White lot, the Flambeau Club came marching in regular open order down Fifteenth street, between the Corcoran Building and the Treasury Department in a perfect tornado of fire, accompanied by an incessant volley of explosions and a continuous hissing roar of ascending rockets. Every member of the club had slung over

his shoulder a capacious white bag filled with rockets, roman candles, torpedos, bombs and fire works of every conceivable description, which were lighted on portable frames or discharged from sheet iron tubes with such a never slackening rapidity as to literally fill the street with a hurricane of fiery projectiles and a dense cloud of smoke, through which could be only dimly seen the white, spectral uniforms of the club. The march was perfect in time, and the regularity of the incessant discharge of fireworks not being allowed to interfere in the least degree with the procession, movement. People in vehicles fled in terror before the advancing column of smoke and flame, which was headed by two or three huge blazing wheels from every part of which burst fires and explosions. The club was constantly replenished skillfully supplied with fresh ammunition from a large wagon which followed it, and as it wheeled from Fifteenth street into Pennsylvania avenue in a glare of red fire, and the shouts of a vast multitude of spectators suggested moving British squares, it attacked on all sides at night, and defending itself with musketry, bombs, rockets and hand grenades. It was one of the most striking features of the whole pyrotechnical display, and the club was followed down Pennsylvania avenue by at least 10,000 people.

THE BALL.

A Scene of Gorgeous Splendor, Bright Toilettes, Brilliant Uniforms, Glistening Jewels and Masses of Flowers.

WASHINGTON, March 4.—The brilliant finale of the inauguration ceremonies was the ball to-night. It put the cap-sheaf of gaiety on the more formal and serious, though grand ceremonial, which preceded it. Beauty lent its aid to crown the triumph of the incoming administration, and amid the light festivities of the ball the formalities of the inauguration came to a close. The ball was held in the unfinished new Pension Building, an immense structure enclosing a rectangular court-yard of more than 300 feet long by over 100 feet in width. At the door opening into the interior the floor is dazzled by a blaze of light and color, and the mind is confused by the immensity of the scene revealed to it at a glance. A hall 316 feet long by 116 feet wide, lighted by sixty gigantic Siemens gas burners, 500 candle power each, which are suspended from the roof whose peak is lost to sight, 100 feet above the floor in a perfect forest of streamers and flags, on whose acres of waxed floor several thousand couples in brilliant toilettes are moving about in the mazy dance, while thousands of people are seated in the outskirts in a casuelle promenade, and other thousands look down upon them from the surrounding balconies, is the frame-work of ensemble, which, bursting suddenly upon one's eyes, is the scene of the ball. The decorations cover the whole interior, with the exception of the roof, and this is almost hidden from view by a net-work of streamers, flags and bunting. All is a brilliant color, in which the reds and the blues predominate, but are toned down by the contrasting dark green of natural garlands hung in festoons, and of the foliage of tropical plants which are basked about the supports of the roof, and the light of itself and of the electric lights in the city from half a mile away, and reflecting in its peak the rays of the electric lights in the city from half a mile away. It seemed enormously higher than by daylight, and to have not the slightest relation to terrestrial things.

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eral Brewster and Mrs. Brewster, Postmaster General Hatten and Mrs. Hatten, and Secretary Teller and Mrs. Teller. Vice President Hendricks arrived about the same time and joined the President.

In the room at this time there was a large and distinguished gathering, including persons of the most diverse shades of political opinion. Besides the persons already named, there were present Senator Bayard, Colonel Vilas, of Wisconsin; General Sherman and Mrs. Sherman, General Rosecrans, Hon. Dan Manning and wife, Senator Pendleton, Hon. Richard T. Merrick, Senator Wade Hampton, Senator Brown, of Georgia; Justice Field, of the Supreme Court, and Speaker Carlisle. There was no formal reception by President Cleveland, but a large number of persons pressed about him, and some of the gentlemen standing in the immediate vicinity made presentations. After half an hour spent in this manner the room became overcrowded, and the President and Vice President, the former escorted by Senator Pendleton and Richard T. Merrick, and latter by Representative Eaton and S. Y. Niles, left the room and made a round of the hall-room, the band playing "Hail to the Chief." After the Presidential party had left the reception-room the crowd continued to pour into it, and the room became so full that Mr. Cleveland had to stand near the center of the room was Senator Bayard, and the crowd pressed about him and shook hands with him as they passed, apparently under the impression that the Vice President was present. When the Senator at last discovered he was being mistaken for somebody else, he abandoned the room.

The scene in the ball-room at this time was exceedingly brilliant. The large hall was completely filled with a constantly increasing crowd, numbering several thousand, while from the balconies thousands more looked down upon the scene. The bright toilettes of the ladies, brilliant uniforms of the diplomats and army and navy officers, the flowers, the glittering jewels, the decorations and lights, were prominent features of the scene to be long remembered. The President, after making a tour of the ball-room, returned to the reception-room, and for a little while received all who came to greet him. The Vice President and his party left the building, and Vice President Hendricks and his party also retired. The dancing continued until a very late hour, and 10,000 appears to be a very low estimate of the number of persons present in the ball-room and balconies during the evening, among whom were many members of Congress and Government officials, with ladies and their families.

THE CAPITAL'S GALA DAY.

Scenes, Incidents, Decorations and a General Olla Podrida of the Day in the City.

WASHINGTON, March 4.—Washington entertains to-day 100,000 strangers. They began to come before the dedication of the monument, and they have been coming all day and night ever since. They have come in family parties, in clubs, companies and regiments. The hotels were filled a week ago, and private boarding houses and dwellings have since done what they could to lodge the shelterless and feed the hungry. Nevertheless not a few of the later comers, who had brought little besides their patriotic memories and exultant hopes, tramped the avenue last night from necessity and breakfast this morning with coffee and sandwiches. The morning opened hazily, but with excellent promise of fair weather, which was fulfilled before 9 o'clock. The throngs were abroad early, walking and riding from point to point, to see what they could of the public buildings, parks, statues and monument before the great event of the day began. The firing and drumming and marching of clubs and troops were the enlivening elements of the early forenoon, while the morning serenades tendered to popular and political favorites and all seemed to be in the way with the excitement of the moment. The President-elect and Vice President-elect came in for the principal share of the enthusiasm, and each of them raised their hats and bowed and left to the crowd which lined both sides of the carriage-way.

The first division of the procession, escorting the President-elect, then began its march to the Capitol. The scenes on Pennsylvania avenue almost beyond description, a great surging mass of people, and above them the stately buildings were covered with cloths of gorgeous colors, arranged in patriotic devices. The soft spring-like breeze lazily stirred the innumerable flags and streamers. Special aids, in brilliant uniforms, dashed hither and thither, lending animation to the scene. The police regulations were perfect, and the broad avenue, with its hard, smooth surface, was completely cleared of everything that might obstruct the march. The United States regular troops came first, then departed somewhat from the order of the programme, with the probable object of insuring a clear marching space. Their ranks extended clear across the avenue, and presented a most imposing appearance. The United States Marine Corps, with its magnificent band, followed the artillery battalions. This section of the procession proceeded as far as the south front of the Treasury Department, and then halted and came to parade rest in order to afford an opportunity for the Presidential party to fall in line, when the march was resumed.

The President's elegant carriage was preceded by General Slocum, the Chief Marshal, and his staff, and a troop of United States cavalry. Surrounding the carriage were a dozen mounted policemen. The party carried ovalations all along the line of march. Men cheered, women waved their handkerchiefs and clapped their hands, and the greatest enthusiasm was evinced by the immense crowd. President-elect Cleveland kept his silk hat in his hand and bowed to the right and left as the carriage rolled slowly on. The same reception was accorded the Vice President-elect, whose carriage followed. Next came the National Democratic Committee and Inaugural Committee, with their carriages, followed by the District militia and headed by the Washington Light Infantry. The marching of this organization, with its long front, was almost perfect, and it succeeded in making a difficult piece of the building's corner of the Treasury Building without breaking a feat which even the United States Regulars did not attempt. A number of colored militia formed a part of the first division and presented a highly creditable appearance. The Grand Army of the Republic closed the escorting divisions. Before 9 o'clock fully 5,000 people had congregated on the broad plaza to the east of the Capitol and on the terrace to the west. The approaches to the building, both for carriages and pedestrians, were blocked with strangers going to and from the great structures. On the streets north of the building military companies and societies were forming and preparing to march to the center of the city. Hundreds of people who had passed the night in Baltimore and who had arrived on the early morning trains, lined the thoroughfares. Members of political organizations, who had found quarters for the

previous night in the smaller hotels in the vicinity of the Capitol, were assembling on the subject of the day. Their conspicuous high hats and overcoats of light or dark material and gaudy badges of red, blue or purple silk were objects of curiosity for the strangers. An occasional rooster design ornamented the head covering, and people on the east plaza stood in groups or promenaded the length of the Capitol with resident friends. Occasionally a member of Congress, whose weariness from continued sitting was conspicuous, strolled with town or country constituents, and pointed out objects of interest. Many of the strangers had been unable to find a resting place during the night, and their faces and clothes were covered with dust and dirt. Many of them carried carpet sacks or valises in hand, while a few had their visiting clothes in a road-sized handbox. Talkative individuals related their experiences of past inaugurations. An old white haired man, with beard as long as Rip Van Winkle, entertained many with a story of the burning of the Capitol by the British in 1814. He said he was ninety-two years old, and was from one of the first families of Virginia. "Little did I think," he remarked, "when I saw that building burning that I would live to see Grover Cleveland inaugurated in 1885." On the east steps at the House side of the Capitol 300 or 400 people had seated themselves. A few of the early birds had reserved choice positions at 6 o'clock, and had held them with chairs which they had brought from their own homes. The western terrace was crowded with spectators looking upon Pennsylvania avenue, along which the procession was to move. That thoroughfare was filled almost from curb to curb with a motley of military and policemen, who stood at the entrances through which the persons were to be admitted to the Capitol were vigorously engaged in moving from the doorways the hundreds who had congregated about the entrance. At the basement entrance to the east front of the Senate wing, both men and women were using their argumentative powers to influence the officers, but without success. Through this entrance the Senators gained admission. Let the Senator in," shouted a large sized officer present, as he gave a dozen or more men and women vigorous shoves. Senator Cameron, of Wisconsin, was the party to enter. He was wedged through and succeeded in aiding a half dozen ladies who accompanied him in gaining admittance. The western Senator in," was again shouted by the officer, and Senator Conger's slight form was squeezed between two men, almost as closely united as the Siamese twins. The few ladies who accompanied the distinguished gentlemen were recipients of no greater favors than were the Senators. They were pushed through and lifted from their feet. Their hats and bonnets were subject for general pilferage.

By 10 o'clock the procession began to form on the streets and avenues east of the Capitol. On all sides were to be heard strains of National music, the tattoo of drum corps coming up one side of the Capitol, mingled with the sound of a bugle and the brass band of the military. The western side, the Tammany Society from New York was one of the first organizations on the grounds. As the Tammany Sachem, attired in aboriginal costume, entered the plaza, he was escorted by "light infantry" and "heavy artillery" expressions. Civil and military organizations, preceded by a single drummer boy or a band of 100 peeps, as the case might be followed and took the positions assigned them. The sun shone brilliantly and the uniforms of the troops and the gaudy gleamed in the sunshine like a sea of burnished steel. At 11 o'clock the crowd had increased to 6,000 or 7,000 and crowded the plaza.

General Hancock and Lieutenant-General Sheridan arrived, and as they ascended the steps to the east front of the Senate wing a deafening cheer arose from the crowd. Twenty minutes later the President's carriage with the four white horses fairly prancing entered the crowd and was discovered. Prior to its arrival the people stood in mass over the east front. Policemen on horse rode among them and with shouts and clubs cleared a passage way. The carriages then began to move toward the passage way preceded by the military. The crowd cheered, at first faintly, but as the vehicle proceeded the hurrahs increased. Hats were lifted and thrown into the air, handkerchiefs waved above heads by both ladies and gentlemen, and tiny flags held by patriotic children and their elders were waved. The bands seemed to play with greater vigor, and the drums were beaten with greater vehemence. The life's shrill sound was more piercing and the bugle's blast louder and louder.

The carriage was driven in front of the east steps and around to the passageway beneath them. It had been expected that the distinguished occupants would ascend the steps and enter the building on the main floor. When the crowd was discovered that they would enter through the basement passageway, there was a rush in that direction; but in a moment the President and President-elect, the Senators who had accompanied them in their carriage, and the Vice President-elect and his companions, were within the building. The doors were then closed.

CONDENSED TELEGRAMS.

General Wolsley has fallen back from Korti to Dongola.

Dublin is making great preparations for the reception of the Prince of Wales.

The English press are enthusiastic in their approval of President Cleveland's inaugural address.

Three men were injured yesterday in an accident on the Pittsburg and Western Railway.

Yesterday Stephen Cox, of Hannibal, Mo., crazed with drink, shot his brother and then killed himself.

The Wabash Railway Company have acceded to the demands of the striking machinists at Chicago.

An advance in the price of barbed wire of a kind was decided upon by the dealers in a meeting at Chicago yesterday.

A French transport was sunk yesterday by another vessel off Malaca and twenty-four of her crew were drowned.

The Democracy of Rushville, Ind., fired a salute of twenty-four guns yesterday in honor of the new administration.

WASHINGTON, March 4.—The brilliant finale of the inauguration ceremonies was the ball to-night. It put the cap-sheaf of gaiety on the more formal and serious, though grand ceremonial, which preceded it. Beauty lent its aid to crown the triumph of the incoming administration, and amid the light festivities of the ball the formalities of the inauguration came to a close. The ball was held in the unfinished new Pension Building, an immense structure enclosing a rectangular court-yard of more than 300 feet long by over 100 feet in width. At the door opening into the interior the floor is dazzled by a blaze of light and color, and the mind is confused by the immensity of the scene revealed to it at a glance. A hall 316 feet long by 116 feet wide, lighted by sixty gigantic Siemens gas burners, 500 candle power each, which are suspended from the roof whose peak is lost to sight, 100 feet above the floor in a perfect forest of streamers and flags, on whose acres of waxed floor several thousand couples in brilliant toilettes are moving about in the mazy dance, while thousands of people are seated in the outskirts in a casuelle promenade, and other thousands look down upon them from the surrounding balconies, is the frame-work of ensemble, which, bursting suddenly upon one's eyes, is the scene of the ball. The decorations cover the whole interior, with the exception of the roof, and this is almost hidden from view by a net-work of streamers, flags and bunting. All is a brilliant color, in which the reds and the blues predominate, but are toned down by the contrasting dark green of natural garlands hung in festoons, and of the foliage of tropical plants which are basked about the supports of the roof, and the light of itself and of the electric lights in the city from half a mile away, and reflecting in its peak the rays of the electric lights in the city from half a mile away. It seemed enormously higher than by daylight, and to have not the slightest relation to terrestrial things.

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